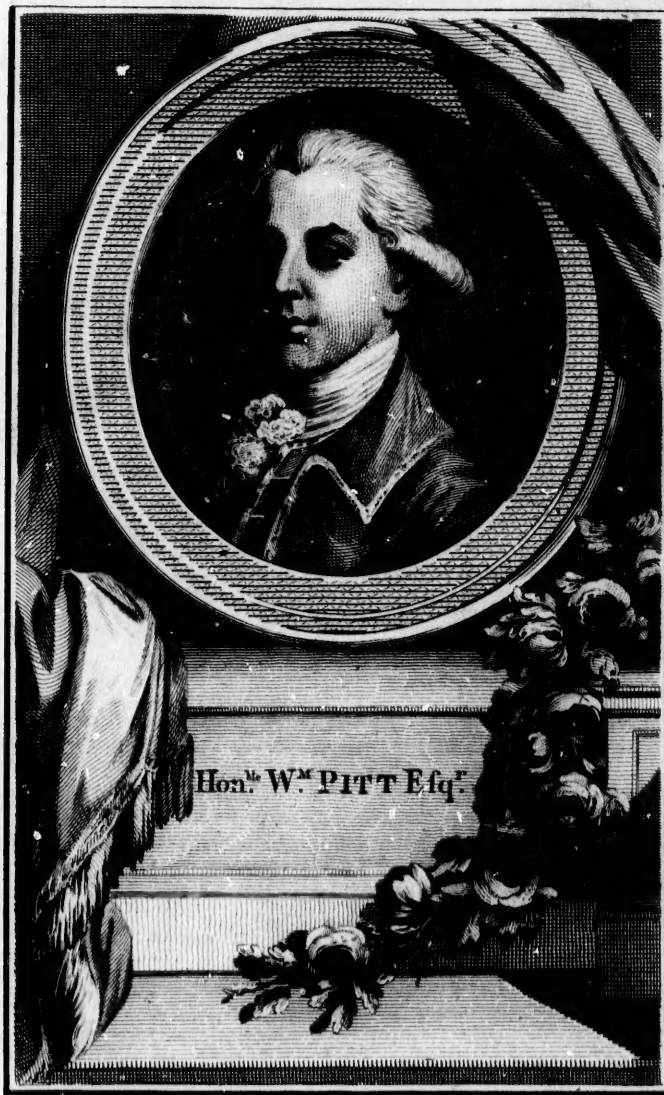




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DAPHNIS and MENALCAS: A PASTORAL.

Sacred to the MEMORY of the

Late GENERAL WOLF E.

And humbly inscribed to the Right Honourable

WILLIAM PITT, Esquire.

*Eruit ille Argos, Agamemnoniasque Mycenæ;
Ultus avos Trojæ, templa et temerata Minervæ.
—Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata; neque ultra
Esse sinunt:—*

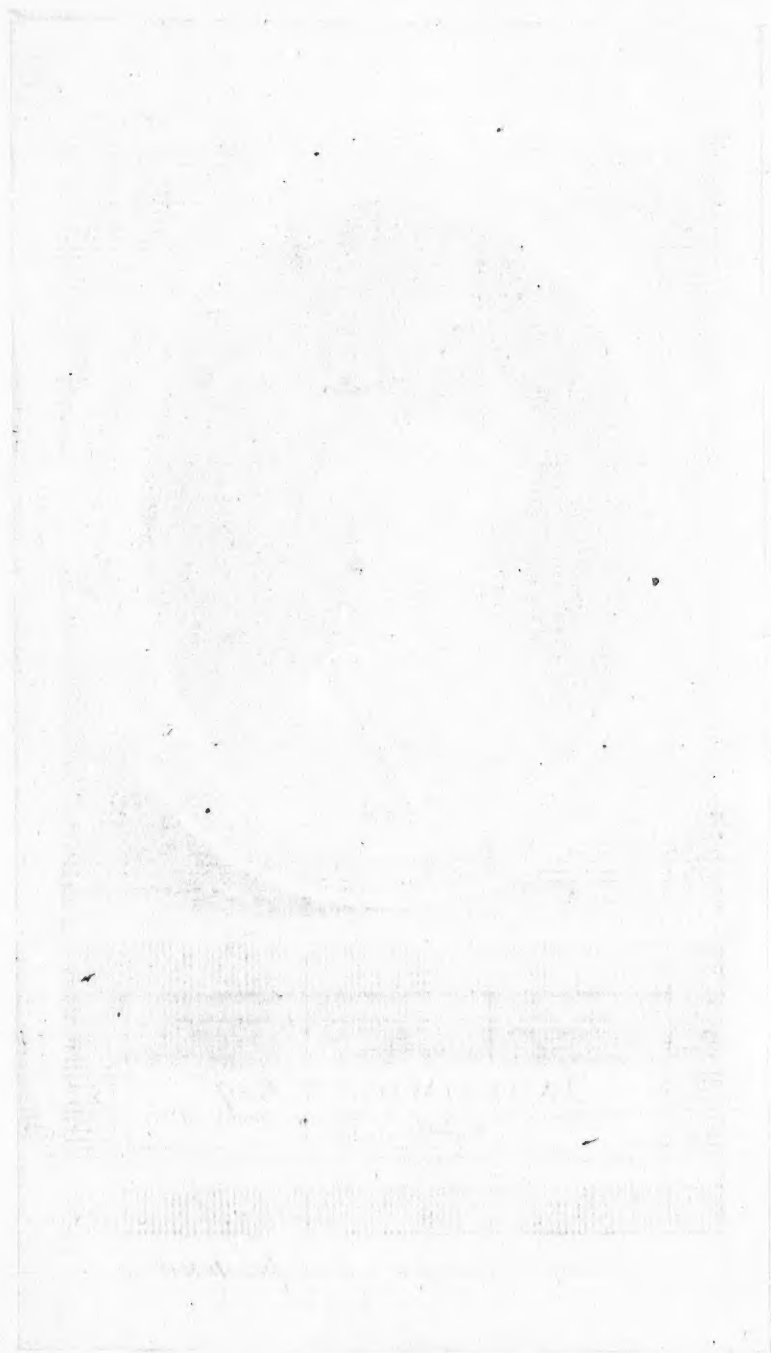
*Quantus ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget gemitus! vel quæ, Tiberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem!
—His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.*

VIRG.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall; and J. SCOTT, at the
Black Swan in Paternoster-Row.

MDCC LIX.



For the London Mag.



JAMES WOLFE, Esq.
*Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Forces in the
Expedition to Quebec.*

Printed for R. Baldwin at the Rose in St. Peter Street Row.

DAPHNIS and MENALCAS:
A PASTORAL.

Sacred to the MEMORY of the

Late GENERAL WOLFE.

A RURAL Muse attempts your Hero's praise;
Vouchsafe, great Patriot, to accept the lays;
Unequal as they are to such a theme,
That asks a *Homer's* or a *Virgil's* flame.
Oh! did the breath of that celestial fire
That burn'd so bright in theirs, my breast inspire,
Strong as the martial Ardor WOLFE possess'd,
Or as the Country's Love that warms thy breast,

B

Then

Then thou, and all the wond'ring world should see
A Poem, worthy him, and worthy thee.

But here *Apollo* checks my soaring wing,
Of wars, and fighting fields forbids to sing;
And softly whispers, “ *Thyrsis* ! keep the plains,
“ Content to sound the Reed to list'ning swains ;
“ Nor small the praise, if *Britain's* Patriot smile,
“ The Muse inspire, and *Phæbus* crown the toil.”

In that new world where other suns arise,
And other stars and planets gild the skies,
Two Swains (from *Britain* one deriv'd his birth,
And one, untravell'd, till'd his native earth ;)
From rural cares to shady groves retir'd,
Thus sung, and answer'd as the muse inspir'd.

D A P H N I S.

Soft is the music of that murm'ring spring,
But not so tuneful as the notes you sing :
Sweet whispers thro' the pines the breezes bear,
Your lays are sweeter to my ravish'd ear.

Then

Then here, where wreathing trees have form'd a bow'r,
 Let us, reclin'd, in singing waste an hour;
 Sing black *Monimia's*, fair *Parthenia's* praise;
 While each may answer in alternate lays.

M E N A L C A S.

Not *Windfor's* forests, nor my native *Thames*,
 At once the Monarch's seats, and Muse's themes,
 Afford such prospects to the wond'ring swain,
 A stream so mighty, and so rich a plain,
 As this new world; by nature's forming hand
 From chaos rais'd, for *Britons* to command.
 But here I dread the speckled serpent's bite,
 And falling dews, that trees collect by night.

D A P H N I S.

Then to the naked steep let us repair,
 Where nodding promontories hang in air;
 Thence we shall see our grazing flocks below,
 At distance hear the thund'ring cat'racts flow,

And

Then

And thence survey, as from great nature's throne,
The worlds that WOLFE has made, and AMHERST makes our own.

M E N A L C A S.

Lead on; I follow: In your native land
Your try'd experience must the choice command;
And if you sing, as when th' enraptur'd swains
In silence listen'd to the rival strains,
When you and *Thyrsis* struck th' alternate lyre
(He loves black beauties, you the fair admire;
Monimia's fable charms employ his skill,
Parthenia's praises your soft measures fill)
The hungry herds shall listen from below,
The trees forget to move, the gales to blow;
Its fall the thund'ring cataract suspend,
The river rise in heaps, and to the strains attend.

D A P H N I S.

Alas! these flattering vanities are o'er,
Nor can such trifling themes amuse me more.

Whom



GENERAL AMHERST.





The Death of General Wolfe

Whom should we sing but WOLFE the bold and brave?
 Whose finish'd Virtue finds an early grave;
 Who, conqu'ring for his Country, smil'd in death,
 And worlds bequeath'd her with his parting breath.
 Then hear the artless verse I lately made;
 I'll sing him living, you lament him dead.

M E N A L C A S.

Begin the song, resound the Warrior's praise;
 Myself shall answer in no vulgar lays.
 Both worlds shall weep the Hero brave and young;
 The world he conquer'd, that from which he sprung.

D A P H N I S.

O native Land! long tofs'd in dire alarms!
 Too long a helpless prey to lawless arms!
 Rejoice! a golden period is begun:
 Rejoice! the fates a happier thread have spun;
 And blessing, as it runs, the sacred clue,
 Expose to future times a web of fairer hue.

Behold

Behold his chosen Chief our Patriot sends,
 On *France* the brandish'd thunderbolt descends.
 He comes; the Hero terrible in War
 I see, and hail his bright approach from far,
 Our world's restorer, and our Polar star.
 Glad beams of conquest round his temples play;
 The foes behold with terror and dismay,
 And from the fierce effulgence turn their eyes away.

Ye flocks and herds, along the meadows stray;
 By purling streams, ye lambs, securely play:
 Your flocks and herds in peace, O shepherd, tend,
 Your song may lengthen till the sun descend;
 Then back in safety to your cot repair,
 And hope to find your wife and children there:
 No ambush'd *Indian* lurks to rob of life
 Your tender children and your faithful wife.

In safety to the woods, ye hunters, go
 To chace the deer, and pierce the bounding roe;
 To peopled lakes explore the beaver's track,
 And strip the livery from his glossy back:

Then,

Then, safe return'd with trophies of the chase,
Your lovely nymphs with furs and fables grace.

Wield the broad axe, lay groaning forests bare :
Ye swains, on cedar beams your mansions rear ;
Inclose the planted grounds ; securely throw
The seed in earth, it shall securely grow :
Your rural seats expect your glad return,
Your hospitable hearths again shall burn.
The great Deliv'rer comes, in armour drest,
With terror plum'd, and conquest on his crest.
At his foreseen approach already fly
The *Gauls*, their *Indians* raise the barb'rous cry.

Ye sailors, launch your ships, and loose your sails,
Catch the first favours of the springing gales ;
Desert the shore, secure with every breeze,
Yours are the treasures of the peopled seas :
And yours the ports. The *ROYAL ISLAND* falls ;
He plants the standard on the batter'd walls,
Which, like a meteor blazing in mid-air,
Denounces conquest, and successful war.

Then,

But

But greater labours yet remain behind ;
 New conquests rise to his undaunted mind :
 New worlds to pierce, new regions to explore,
 Where *British* streamers never flew before.

From southern skies *Etesian* breezes blow,
 With your warm breath dissolve the molded snow ;
 Discharge th' encumber'd gulph, and clear the sea
 Of continents of ice that stop the Hero's way.
 Thou mighty river, fire of *Indian* streams,
 That seem'st an ocean to the boasted *Thames*,
 Unfold thy bosom, open all thy shoals,
 Suspend thy headlong torrent as it rolls,
 A friendly harbour to the Chief afford :
 Thou infant world, receive and own thy Lord ;
 Freed by his conqu'ring hand from *Gallic* chains,
 O'er thy unnumber'd lakes, and boundless plains,
 A *British* liberty for ever reigns.

Some God inspires. In my prophetic eye,
 O'er fall'n *QUEBEC* I see our streamers fly ;

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The



GENERAL WOOLFE.

The Empress of this world unfold her gates,
 And yield at last to *Britain's* better fates :
 Our conqu'ring hosts pursue their destin'd rounds,
 Pervade the Continent's extremest bounds ;
 Rocks, lakes, and forests, all their strengths resign,
 And this unmeasur'd world, O *Britain*, thine !

All hail, AMERICA ! the age of gold
 Which *Greece* and *Italy* enjoy'd of old ;
 When *Jove* was yet unborn, in *Saturn's* reign ;
 E'er swords were forg'd, or sacrifices slain,
 Or earth was wounded by the shining share ;
 When fields were common, like their ambient air,
 Nor hollow drums, nor trumpets angry breath,
 In rushing armies rais'd the rage of death..

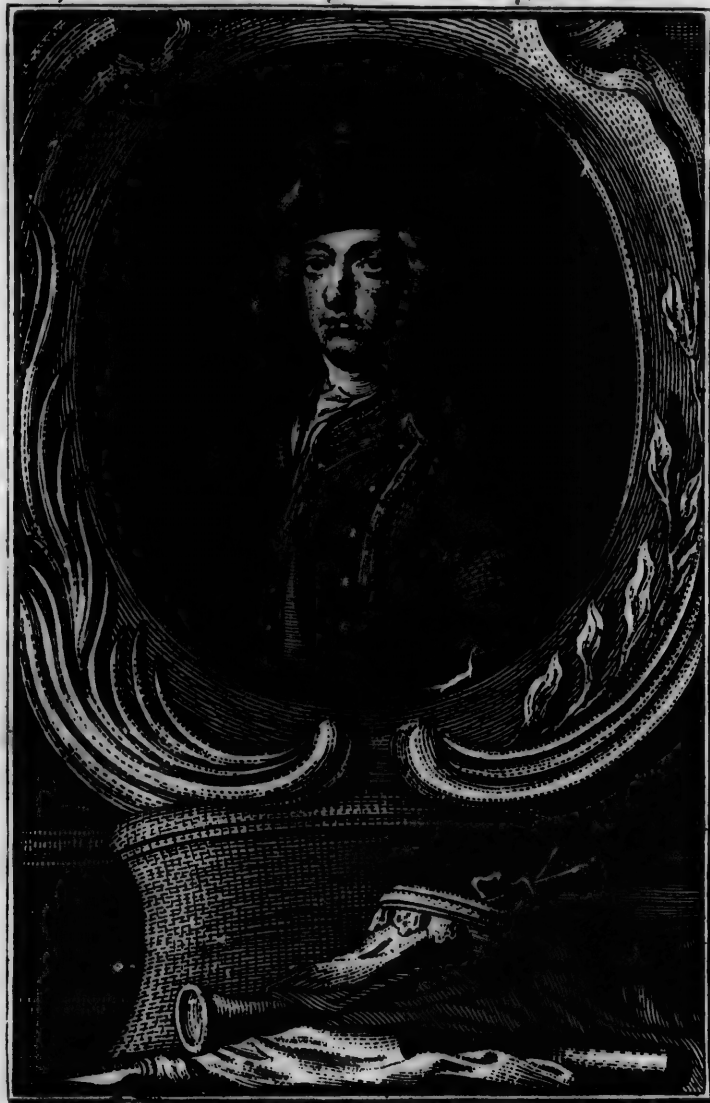
In this fair clime, reliev'd from civil rage,
 Victorious WOLFE revives the golden age :
 On naked rocks, unbidden roses blow,
 On barren heaths, spontaneous harvests grow,
 Swamps rear the olive, mountains feed the vine,
 Our fields o'erflow with milk, our rivers run with wine.:

Divine *Astrea* (for our pray'rs prevail)
 Descends from Heav'n, and lifts aloft her scale :
 Now murder, fraud, and impious warfare cease,
 The savage *Indian* tribes depart in peace :
 O'er this vast empire, stretch'd from main to main,
 One Law, one People, and one Monarch reign ;
 And the propitious *Æra* now begun,
 Sees its majestic years in one smooth tenor run.

When distant EUROPE bellows with alarms,
 And her vex'd nations madly start to arms ;
 When *German* rivers, choak'd with heaps of slain,
 Swoln o'er their banks, run purple to the main ;
 When groans with hostile navies, Ocean's flood,
 And seas are dy'd with *French* and *English* blood ;
 Our swains shall hear, by ev'ry wind that blows,
 Of wars ; and hearing, bless their sweet repose :
 Our vales with music and with joy shall ring,
 And on our native hills our muses sing
 The praise of WOLFE, and bear his glorious Name
 To latest ages down, their never-dying theme :

A Chief,

Engraved for the Universal Magazine.
for L. Hinton at the Kings Arms in Newgate Street.



JAMES WOLFE Esq^r
*Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Forces at Quebec: Who gloriously fell
in the Cause of his King & Country in that signal Victory over the French, Sept. 13. 1759.*

Chief,

A Chief, like *Bacchus* or *Alcides* great,
The Victor of a world, and Former of its fate.

M E N A L C A S.

Well hast thou sung; and with a heav'n-born flame
Rehears'd his godlike Deeds, and rais'd his deathless Name:
My kindling bosom glows with equal fires;
Attend the song, for now the Muse inspires.

Across the Main the fatal tidings fled
To Parent *Britain* of her Hero dead:
The new-found world his conqu'ring arm had gain'd,
The swelling burst of sorrow scarce restrain'd;
Joy, more than grief, in ev'ry face appears;
If joy was seen, 'twas joy chastis'd by tears:
All mourn a Conquest which so dear had cost,
Nor think the world acquir'd requites the Life they lost.

Raise one loud Chorus, one lamenting Strain;
Mourn, Parent *Britain*! mourn your Hero slain:
Mourn, both ye Worlds! the Warrior brave and young;
The world he conquer'd, that from which he sprung,

Ev'n the great Patriot grieves, concern'd to find
 The work too well perform'd which he so well design'd:
 But hoarding Vengeance in his conscious breast,
 This firm resolve the rising grief repress'd :

He vows, THE WORLD THAT CAUS'D THE FATAL STRIFE,
 SHALL PAY THE FORFEIT OF SO BRAVE A LIFE.

Whilst our great Monarch equals all his cares,
 Approves his Purpose, and his Sorrow shares.
 Genius of *Britain* ! Guardian God ! allow
 The promis'd vengeance, and fulfil the vow !

Be reverence to your King and Patriot paid ;
 Mourn, *Britons* ! and with them revenge your Hero dead.

The fatal rumour reach'd his Mother's ears ;
 In ev'ry breath his Fame and Fate she hears.
 No more a Mother ; furious with despair,
 She rends her garments, and she tears her Hair ;
 And oft in frenzy calls upon her Son,
 Whose race of Glory is so swiftly run.

Revere the Matron, from whose sacred womb
 Sprung such a Hero, lost by such a doom.

Drown

Drown her wild wailings in a louder strain;
Mourn, *Britons!* mourn with her a Son and Hero slain.

The pious Son a weeping Mother left,
In drooping age of ev'ry joy bereft:
Not filial duty could constrain his Stay;
From Beauty, Love, and Youth he forc'd himself away;
Untasted beauty, which the fates decree
His arms no more shall fold, his eyes no more shall see;
He left a mourning Bride; so much above
He priz'd his Country's, o'er his Mistress' Love.

Mix softer sorrows; raise a tender strain;
O *Britons!* mourn with her the Bridegroom slain:
Mourn, both ye Worlds! the Warrior brave and young;
The world he conquer'd, that from which he sprung.

In vain the Hero pledg'd his faith, to come
To her expecting arms, with Glory home;
Conquests he gain'd, and blooming Laurels wore;
Fore-doom'd, ah! never to behold her more,
Or gaze with rapture on her lovely face;
She has already had his last embrace.

Mix softer sorrows; raise a tender strain;
 O *Britons!* mourn with her the Bridegroom slain:
 Mourn, both ye Worlds! the Hero brave and young;
 The world he conquer'd, that from which he sprung.

O Nymph divine! the grief thy bosom bears,
 Seek not to hide, but give it vent in tears:
 Array'd in fable weeds display thy woe,
 Proud that Mankind thy matchless choice should know;
 For who would not be proud of such a Love;
 Of Queens on earth, or Goddesses above;
 A Chief, in bloom of youth, his Country's pride,
 Who won one world, and for another dy'd?

Britain shall mourn with thee thy Bridegroom slain,
 Soft sorrows mix, and raise a tender strain;
 Both Worlds shall weep thy Hero brave and young;
 The world he conquer'd, that from which he sprung.

His breathless corpse all decent Honours wait,
 And thou shalt see him grac'd with all the pomp of State.
 One face of sorrow a whole People wear,
 Kings, Princes, Senates, weeping round his bier;

Victorious

Victorious Hosts, which He to combat led,
 Whom living they ador'd, lamenting dead :
 Thro' crouded streets the sad Procession go,
 And Earth's Metropolis one scene of woe.

Pay grateful Honours to his sacred Shade ;
 Mourn, Parent *Britain* ! mourn your Hero dead.

Raise to his Memory, and deathless Name,
 The sculptur'd tomb, and monument of fame.
 Show him like *Phæbus* Patron of the bow,
 Graceful in Youth, like *Jove*'s his awful brow.
 How gazing armies fix on him their eyes,
 Resolv'd, like him, each soldier fights or dies.
 Show how the *French* and savage *Indians* fly
 The Thunders of his arm, and Lightnings of his eye ;
 How at his felt approach their City shakes ;
 Thro' all its hundred States their empire quakes,
 Resigns its forests, and submits its lakes.

Raise to his Memory, and deathless Name,
 The sculptur'd tomb, and monument of fame.

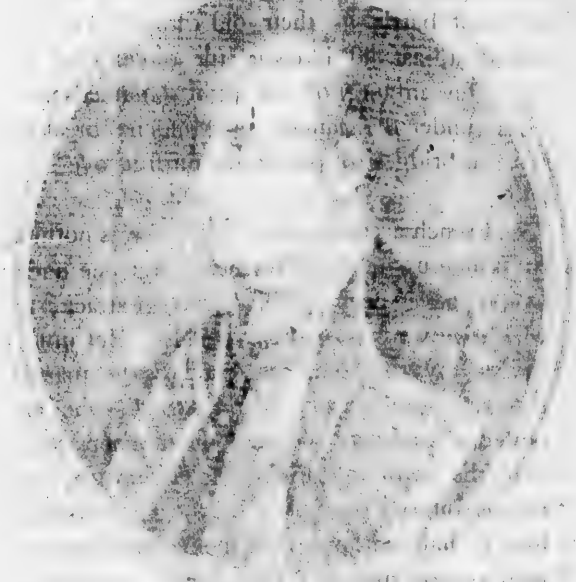
Now

Now show the sad reverse; the Hero lies
 As if in pleasing slumbers; clos'd his eyes,
 That martial Ardour still, in death, express'd
 That Country's Love which warm'd his dauntless breast.
 With wreaths of Laurel let his brows be bound,
 With broken arms and truncheons strew the ground,
 Plant Armies, Senates, Princes, weeping round.
 By golden armour, and a radiant crest,
 And martial port, distinguish'd from the rest,
 Place noble GRANBY, AMHERST, TOWNSHEND there,
 Mourning their Friend, and Brother of the War.
 Fix'd as a statue, near his much-lov'd side,
 In silent sorrow, place the beauteous Bride.
 But oh! what magic sculpture can express
 The Parent's grief, the Mother's deep distress!
 Like *Hector's* Mother be the Matron laid,
 A sable mantle o'er her rev'rend head,
 Growing to earth, and groveling on the Dead.
 Then show the Royal Sire, with outspread hands
 And lifted eyes (as now perhaps he stands)

Invoking

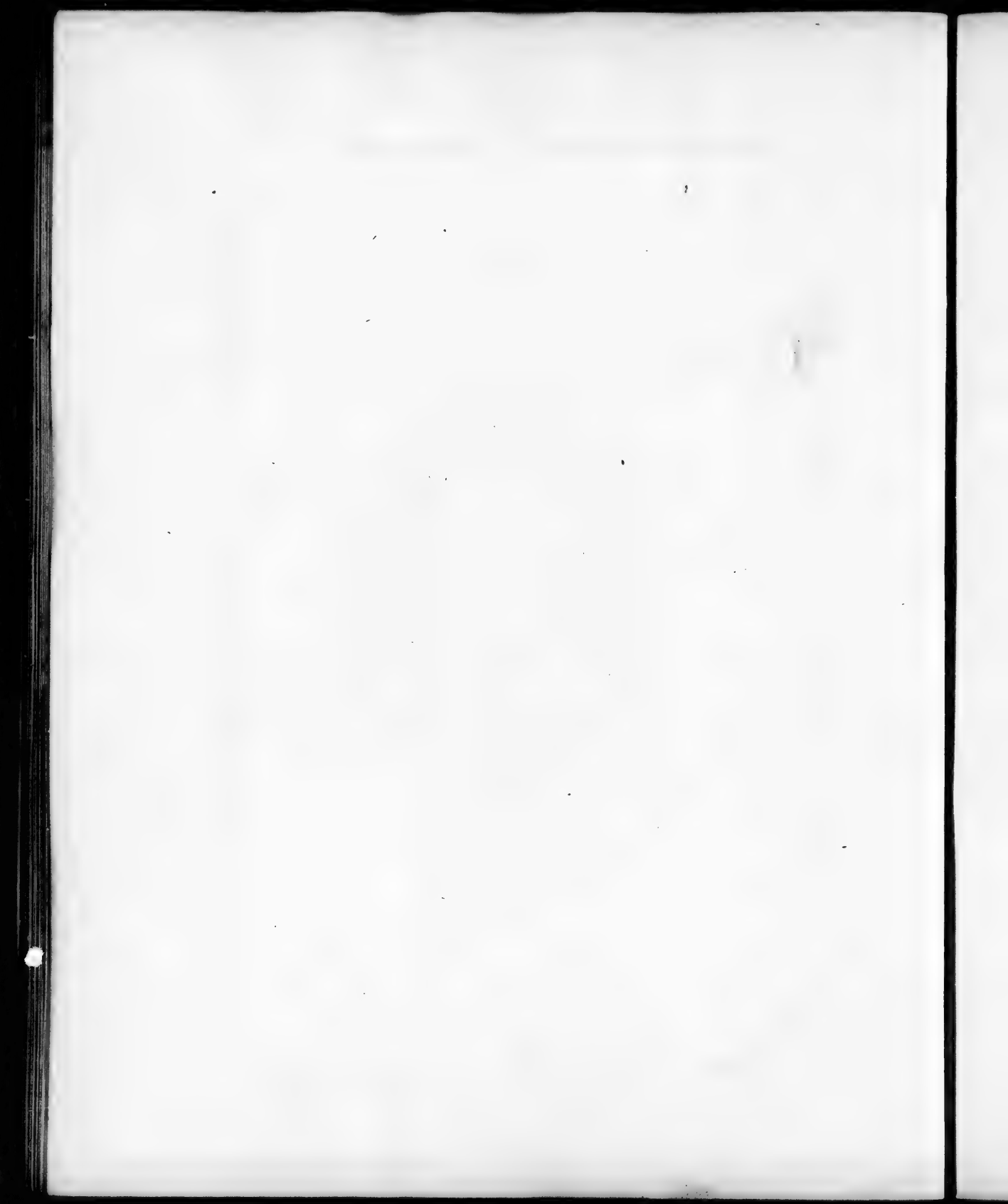


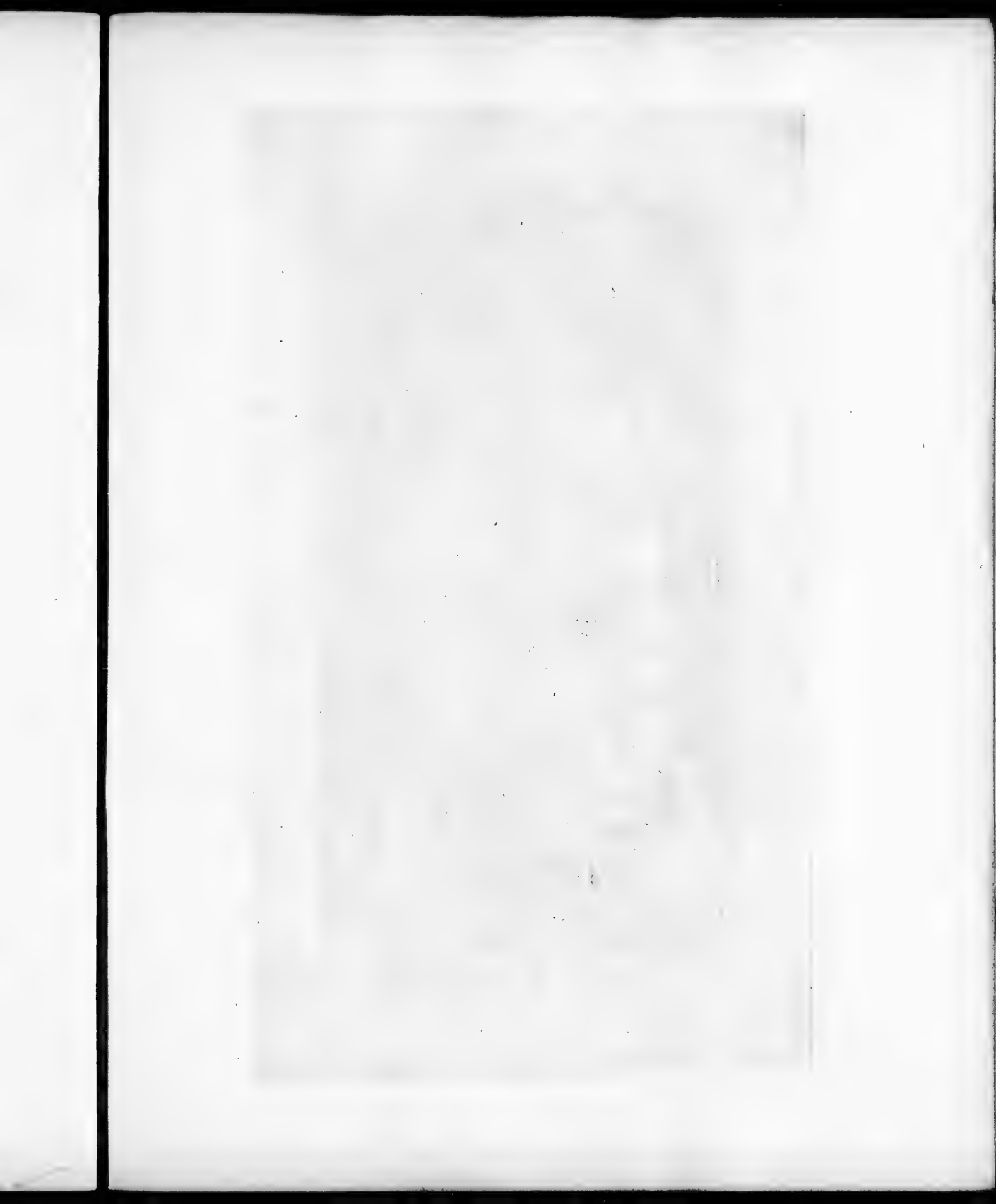
MARQUIS of GRANBY.

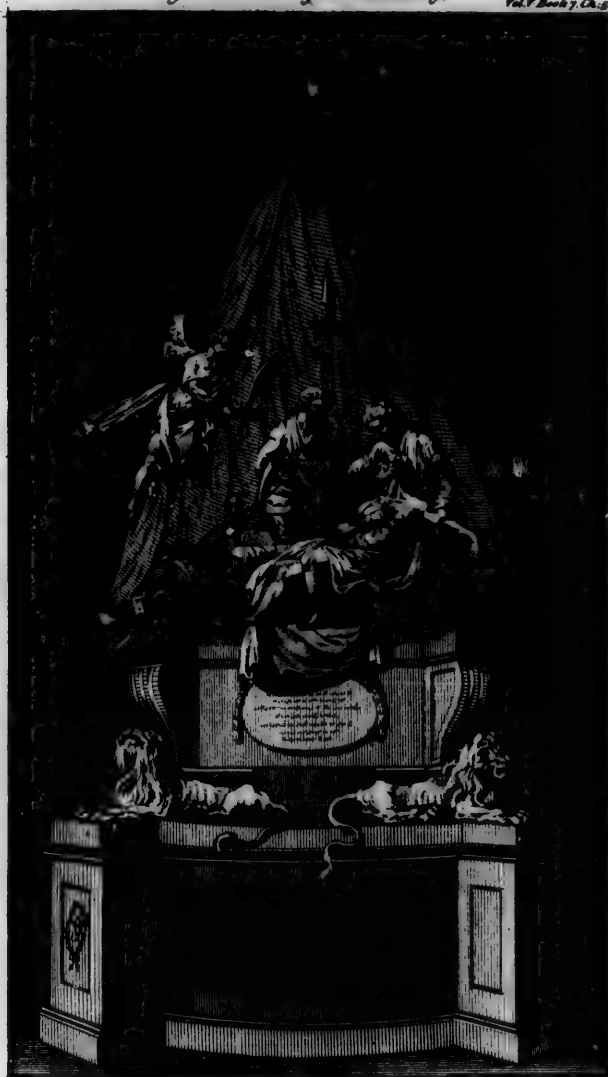




GENERAL TOWNSHEND.







General Wolfe's Monument in Westminster Abbey.

Published according to Act of Parliament, in Nov. 1778, by John Pater next to Row.

Invoking Heav'n ; and on his awful brow
 Engrave in living lines this solemn Vow ;
 THE CONQUER'D WORLD, THAT CAUS'D THE FATAL STRIFE,
 SHALL PAY THE PRICE OF THIS LAMENTED LIFE.
 While at his side our second *Father* stands
 To hear and to fulfil his dread commands ;
 And *Britain's* Genius, hov'ring in mid-air,
 Confirms the solemn vow, and hears the Monarch's pray'r.

Raise to his Memory, and deathless Name,
 The sculptur'd tomb, and monument of fame.
 Now high above let op'ning Heav'n display
 Its everlasting gates, that flame with Day ;
 Place Gods and Demi-gods and Heroes round,
 By *Jove* himself the sacred Synod crown'd :
 Let all behold th' immortal Spirit rise ;
 With song the Muses hail him to the skies :
 His feat with those who conquer'd as they bled,
 Betwixt the *Theban* and the valiant *Swede* ;
 While his great Father, with a Father's joy,
 Receives, alas ! too soon, his darling Boy.

S I M I L A R

D

Heav'ns!

Heav'ns! what mine eyes behold, may I believe!
 Or dreams my fancy, and its dreams deceive?
 See, from the spot where our great Hero lies,
 A meteor shine, a trail of light arise;
 And now it spreads, and now ascends the skies.
 See, forked light'nings in the West appear;
 Hark! on the Left it thunders thro' the clear.
 'Tis past a doubt—there soars th' immortal Soul
 To mansions of the Blest, above the Starry Pole.
 Ye Gods, ye Demi-gods, behold him rise;
 With song, ye Muses, hail him to the skies;
 And thou, great Father, with a Father's joy,
 Receive, too soon for us, thy darling Boy.

Let unavailing tears no more be shed;
 No more, ye *Britons*, mourn your Hero dead:
 He lives in Bliss; his Guardian Care protects
 Your hosts in Conquests, he no more directs:
 He lives in Bliss; his Guardian Care extends
 To your lov'd Isle, his Arm no more defends.

DAPHNIS.

D A P H N I S.

O heav'nly Poet! soft descending rains
 Are not so welcome to the anxious Swains,
 When *Sirius* throws his burning beams around,
 And threatens their hopes, committed to the ground;
 Nor fragrant thyme to the laborious Bee,
 Is half so grateful, as thy Song to me.
 Not thirsty Trav'lers in the desert hear
 Fresh falls of water murmur in their ear;
 Nor sweating Lab'ers in the sun-burnt vale
 Receive, with greater joy, the cooling gale;
 Than I, in silence and attention hung,
 Have sat, and listen'd to the strains you sung.
 Who would not die like WOLFE to share his Praise,
 And share those Honours promis'd in thy Lays!
 Still such to *Britain*, gracious Heav'n! allow;
 Like him to conquer, and to sing like you!

But see the Herds, their hasty supper done,
 Draw near the fold, retiring with the sun:

The

The Slaves their wearied limbs at ease recline ;
 The task perform'd their wayward Lords enjoin.
 All rest but one, who with unwearied toil
 Protracts the day, and works the stubborn soil ;
 Two tasks at once his pious hands engage,
 To spare his pregnant wife, and father's age,
 Untutor'd Slaves confess Paternal Right,
 Soft Love their fierceness tames, and makes their bondage light.
 Now from the cottage see my *Delia* come ;
 Lo ! to our simple meal she warns us home :
 The ev'ning streaks of light in darkness end ;
 Then let us hence, e'er noxious dew descend.

F I N I S

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